

A Demons Mark

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Summary: "Why have you never shown me your eyes?" Alec had never really seen Magnus cat-like eyes. So Magnus made Alec agree to a bet that he would show him his eyes if he could figure out what his other demon mark is. Although he never wanted Alec to know in fear he would turn away from him, Magnus was sure Alec would never find out. But what happens when he does?

1. Chapter 1

A Demons mark

Chapter 1

"Why have you never shown me your eyes?"

Magnus turned towards the voice that flowed through the silence in his loft. He was working on a not really complicated but complex spell that was needed by the institute for strengthening the protection wards of the said house, with Alexander lounging on his couch, reading one of his books while waiting for him to finish.

He was surprised to see the young Shadowhunter when he appeared on his doorstep, pretty late this evening with the request for a spell. And even without asking for payment, Magnus started to work. He told Alec it would take a while, but he was welcome to wait and wander through the lost, take a drink read a book, whatever he wanted. When he literally told the Boy "whatever you want" he did not miss the gleam in his blue eyes. Or the way said eyes went from looking into his eyes down to his mouth. He still saw the hesitation in them, and after the whole deal with Camille, he did not want to push his luck or Alec at all. He promised himself he would be patient, straightforward but patient.

At first Alec was just standing in the living area watching Magnus while he was collecting the items he would need for the spell. When

the high warlock started to mix strange things together in the pot, Alec stated to wander in the loft for a bit. Taking in the furniture, the paintings on the wall, the view from right outside the window. He never had time to do any of these things when he visited Magnus in his loft, always too busy with hiding his feelings, with concentrating how to breathe normally, being careful to not let his eyes linger too long on the man in front of him, and most of all burring the need that was rising inside of him every time he was close to the warlock.

Eventually the Shadowhunter decided that he would take a look at the books Magnus owned, he took one which title sounded somewhat interesting and sat down on the couch to read it. He did not want to distract Magnus and this way he wouldn't.

It had been a comfortable silence, knowing that Alexander was near him, calm and relaxed. He could concentrate better with Alex by his side, creating the potion was easier. Magnus thought that Alec would be quiet until he finished his work, so the sudden question startled him a bit. He turned towards Alec, his eyebrows rose in confusion. "What do you mean? You have seen my eyes countless times. Although I understand if you cannot get enough of gazing into them." A cocky smile played around his lips while saying that. And on the spot the Shadowhunter was blushing, and stuttering. "No, I mean that is not .. what I mean is your eyes. I know that they are your demon mark." Upon hearing this the look in Magnus' eyes became careful, calculating. "And how, my dear do you know that if you have never actually seen my eyes?"

He saw Alec swallowing before he averted his eyes a bit. "We uh, we have, some kind of Database?" It almost sounded apologizing. And to be honest, Magnus was not even surprised about this new piece of information. Of course this Nephilim had a damn Database about Warlocks and their demon mark. But he wondered, his eyes some Nephilim knew about, his other demon mark however was another question. What if Alec knows about it too? It didn't appear that he does but how would he react if he ever found out. Would he be grossed out by it? Would he like it? Would he care at all?

It had been centuries since the last time he told someone about his other demon mark and it did not end well for him. Alec made him feel things he long thought forgotten. Should he tell him? Taking a leap of faith Magnus turns his body completely to properly look at Alec. Resting his hands on the edge of the table he smiled at the Shadowhunter. "And what does your database say about my demon mark?"

Alec was giving him a strange look, as if he was discussing in his head if he should tell Magnus or not. After a moment of silence, he spoke. "That your demon marks are your eyes. That they look like those of a cat."

A pleased smile spread on the warlock's lips. "Is that all?" Dump folded, Alec nodded. And Magnus could do nothing to stop the laugh that escapes his lips. "They are not the only mark I have you know." At this, Alec's eyebrows shot up high. "You have another mark?" Magnus only nodded once. "One that you do not have in your precious database. And I like to keep it that way. A warlock's mark is kind of, personal. Granted a lot of them are so obvious that everyone can see them, but normally we like to keep this information a secret form

others if we can." It happened so fast that Magnus nearly missed it, the brief look of hurt in Alexander's eyes that came in a flash and was gone the same instant. And in this moment, Magnus made a decision. "How about I make you a deal. If you can figure out what my other warlock mark is, then I will show you my eyes, whenever you want to. But I will not tell you what it is. You have to find out on your own. And you are not allowed to ask other people about it."

"And if I can't?" That was the point, right now. He wouldn't Magnus was sure of it, 95%. But he wanted to see Alec try. He wanted his attention on him, and him alone. Magnus knew he was selfish. But after living for so long it was nearly inevitably. But if he was honest with himself, he part of him wanted Alec to find out, so he would not have to hide anything from him. And if he wouldn't be able to figure it out, Magnus would tell him. Not now, not in the following weeks, maybe month. But he would tell Alexander. He would, because he trusted him, because he loved him.

"Then you won't. Simple as that." Magnus smiled. It was also a challenge, and he knew that his little Nephilim would not back away from it. He was not disappointed.

"Deal."

2. Chapter 2

Hi everyone, thank you sooo much for your reviews.

Here is the second part.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2<p>

The last days, or had it been weeks already, had been torture. Since his deal with Magnus Alec could not hold himself back from staring at Magnus nearly none-stop. He was watching him whenever the warlock was in sight. And even when he was not near, Alec could barely think of other things than about finding out what Magnus other warlock mark could be. The worst was that he knew that Magnus knew that Alec was watching him, staring at him. Every time he was caught staring, and Magnus stared right back with an intensity that made his blood boil and his heart beat faster.

And every time their eyes found each other Alec could see both adoration and concern in those beautiful dark eyes.

Alec had wondered since he first laid eyes on this man what his eyes would look like if he dropped the glamour. He knew that the mark that identified Magnus Bane as a warlock were his eyes. It was known that they looked like those of a cat. And by the angel Alec wanted to see those eyes. He felt himself drowning in those dark brown eyes every time he was looking into them. He could barely imagine what it would feel like if he was looking into cat like eyes. The thought alone made things to his body that made Alec itchy and breathless. So Alec was determined to figure out what Magnus other warlock mark could be. And not just because he wanted to see Magnus's true eyes, he wanted to know everything about this person. He did not want Magnus to hide

himself or a part of him from Alec, like he himself could not hide anything from Magnus. He was like an open book for Magnus to read, he was sure of it.

But as days went by, and after days weeks Alec got frustrated. For the love of the angel he had absolutely no clue what Magnus other demon mark could be. He was so close to losing hope and just giving up on finding out about the other mark. It also was not helping that the two did not had the chance to spend some time together privately. And the more time went by, the more Alec felt himself longing for the warlock. He wanted to be close to him, breath in his exotic scent that sent his head spinning, to touch and feel his bronze colored skin against his own. And more than anything he wanted these sinful lips on his again.

Alec's skin was buzzing with tension, which unfortunately did not get unnoticed by his siblings. After three weeks, 2 days, 11 hours and approximately 26 minutes since the deal (no Alec was not counting, and even if he did no one needed to know) he was ready to snap. And so was Izzy. It had been a busy day. There was a demon activity near Brooklyn. Some Mundanes were attacked in a night club. Those demons were not hard to kill, but they were annoying as hell. When the job was finished, Izzy took Alec to the side. "Look big bro, I know you do not want to hear it, but by the angel go and see Magnus! You are insufferable. You are so full of unresolved tension, and I will not talk about what kind of unresolved tension, but you are driving us nuts! Jace and I will go back to the institute and report what happened. You go and spend some time with you boyfriend." She was wriggling her eyebrows when she said the word "boyfriend" making Alec blush on the spot. When Alec opened his mouth to speak, it was Jace who beat him to it. "Oh don't even start Alec. Izzy is right and you know it. Go and spent time with Magnus and hopefully you will not be so wind up when you got rid of all this â€¦ tension â€¦ that Izzy mentioned." Jace was wriggling his hand through the air while he spoke, trying to emphasize his point. "We will be fine. And if we need you, we will call." His parabatei ensured. And with one final push from his beloved sister, Alec turned and began walking towards Magnus loft. He heard thunder growling in the distance.

When Alec arrived at Magnus loft he entered like he always did. He did not need to ring or knock. He had figured this out some time ago that he was able to just enter the loft. He asked Magnus once if it wasn't too risky to let people just wander inside his home. But Magnus had just smiled at him. "Alexander, do you really thing I would just let anyone come into my loft unannounced? Of cause people have to ring and ask for my permission to enter. It just happens that some people are always allowed to enter without asking for my permission every time. But to put your mind at ease, if I really don't want anyone to enter without my permission, then they won't." The knowing smirk that played around the corners of Magnus lips were proof enough that Alec was one of those people that could enter whenever they wanted to.

When the young Shadowhunter entered the living area he called for the high warlock. "Magnus? Are you home?" No reply. Alec searched through the loft, the kitchen, the bathroom even the bedroom, which made a suspicious feeling bloom in his stomach that he would ignore right now. But no Magnus. So he was not home. Alec sight disappointed. He really wanted to see Magnus, spend time with him. Alec was quarreled with himself. He should leave. He did not want to invade Magnus home

ore privacy without his permission. Or he could wait here on the couch for his return. Grab a book while doing so. Just like he did all those weeks ago when they made the deal about finding out about Magnus second warlock mark. Worrying his lip between his teeth, Alec considered his options.

After one last look around the apartment, he made a beeline to the bookshelf and picked himself a book, deciding to crash on the couch in bright sight so Magnus would see him when he came home.

Magnus mood had gone from bad to downright worse. He should have stayed in bed today. First he awoke with a light headache, then he got a call from an annoying customer that demanded his attention right now " stupid vampire but the payment made it tolerable to get out of his loft on this chilly day. The spell he wanted was not a strong one but this, what was his name? Mark, Mike, Spike? He could not remember, and he did not even care about it right now. It took hours until this child of the night was satisfied with the outcome of the irresistible-spell. Please what did he need it for anyway? Vampires had the ability to make humans pudding in their handy without a spell. But he did not want to know. He was paid for it and it would not cause a disaster, he made sure of it. He did not want the negative attention from the Nephilim or the Institute on him, now more than ever since he wanted a relationship with the current head of the New Yorker Institute. And he still was not completely sure where they stood. It was also not helping that he had not seen his Alexander for weeks now. Weeks! And God he missed him. Terribly. He wanted to see him, talk to him, have him right next to him so he could breathe in his alluring scent that made Magnus heart beat faster and his knees go weak.

The high warlock of Brooklyn was just a few blocks away from home where a hot shower and a drink awaited him, when there was a loud crash above him and the sky opened up within two seconds to pour rain down on him. "Oh come on!" He shouted frustrated at the sky and took off in a sprint to get home as soon as possible. Could this day get any worse?

When Magnus arrives his doorstep he was drenched from head to toe, his hair was plastered on his head and his clothes clung to his body like a second skin. Thank Lilith for magical waterproofed make-up. THAT would really have been the last straw for the day.

He hated water, and he hated it even more when it was clutching his clothes to his skin. The warlock prepared to make a beeline to his bathroom to take a long hot relaxing shower when he entered the loft, cursing loudly while doing so and trying to take his totally drenched jacked of his torso.

"By Lilith sake can anything not go wrong today?" Alec heard a half-shout from the door which caused him to startle and he nearly dropped the book he was holding. His head snapped up and his eyes found the source of the voice immediately. But when they did, he really let the book drop to the floor, his heart steed up almost painfully, his palms began to sweat and his mouth went dry. He swallowed hard.

Before him was Magnus, drenched from head to toe, his styled hair a mess. He had just taken off his jacket which gave Alec a perfect view of his chest. His clothes stuck on his body like a second skin,

leafing not much for his imagination. The bright blue silk blouse hugged his chest like a lover and his skintight black trousers seem to be even tighter now that they were drenched with water. Alec knew that Magnus has a, despite he was no warrior, lean body with defined muscles. But seeing this man in front of him like this, made Alec's head spin and most of his blood went from his head straight south.

The sound of something dropping to the floor made Magnus pause in his step and looking straight up. And if he was not already glued to the spot, half prepared to call upon his magic to defend himself from whatever threat awaited him, he would be now. Before him, on his couch, in his loft, sat Alexander Lightwood, source of his sleepless nights, cause of his daydreams, staring at him with eyes as wide as the moon.

Magnus body relaxes immediately when he realized he was not in any danger, but a second later tension spread through his body and he found it was a little bit harder to breathe. He had wished for Alexander so much, and now that he was right in front of him Magnus could not move.

"Alexander."

It was a breath, a sigh, a sound filled with so much longing. And Alec broke.

Without hesitation Alec stood from the couch and with six long steps he was right in front of Magnus. Magnus had opened his mouth as is to speak the moment that Alec crashed into him. Alec's hands cups Magnus neck, his body colliding with his and his lips descending on Magnus's.

The moment Alec's soft lips touched Magnus he could not suppress the moan that broke free. It had been too long, too long without smelling his Alexander, without touching him, without kissing him. Alec kissed him with a passion and with a need to strong and deep that Magnus could feel his legs giving out under him. He slung his arms around Alec's hips to steady himself as he returned the kiss with as much hunger and devotion. When he felt the slight touch of a tongue on his upper lip, hesitant but still there, Magnus legs gave out and he sagged into Alec's arms, clutching at his body desperately to keep himself from falling. He gasped and Alec did not waste the opportunity and flicked his tongue inside Magnus hot mouth. How could this child, this Nephilim child undo him, a over 400 years old powerful warlock like that?

The moan that escapes his Angels sweet mouth at the first touch of their tongues sliding against each other was heavenly. He felt hot, liquid fire running through his veins, sending all his senses on overdrive.

He felt Alec's arms came down around his hips to steady him while he took a few steps back and pushing Magnus against the nearest wall he could find. The high warlock let out a muffled sound as his back collided with the not so soft surface. But he could care less when Alec was on the other side of his body, pushing against his and keeping it upright against the wall while never breaking the kiss.

Alec could feel the moistness from Magnus shirt and pants sipping into his own clothes. A chill run down his back at the cold but was replaced with a shudder caused from the feel of Magnus lean body against his own hard one.

In the far back of his mind Magnus knew they should take a step back otherwise this would get way out of hand rather quickly. He wanted Alexander, by Lilith he wanted him so much. But he swore to himself to be patient with the young Shadowhunter. He knew that he was Alec's first in everything. He did not want to rush him ore make him feel uncomfortable. They had time. Not that this mattered at the moment.

When the need for air became noticeable Magnus prepared himself to tell Alexander to slow down a bit, but he made this calculation without the Shadowhunters in his arms. In exact the moment when Magnus opened his lips to speak, Alexander's leg moved between Magnus's, pushing between them and upwards, pressing against his hard groin.

Magnus eyes snapped open and he took the much needed air in through a loud half-moan half-gasp that sounded a little bit like Alec's name.

His hands took hold of Alec's shoulders, his nails digging inside the clothes flesh as he moaned shamelessly. It could be his imagination, but Magnus thought that he felt Alec's legs quiver as he tucked his nose along his neck, moaning just as loud before his tongue escaped his mouth again and the boy started to lick and suck on the place where his neck meet his shoulder. Magnus eyes closed against his will in pure bliss. His hands found their way from Alec's shoulders over his neck and into that raven-black hair. Gosh it was like silk!

But his hands were not the only ones that explored the other body. Alec's hands, calloused from using his bow, glided from his hips upwards. Careful, gentle, caressing, under his wet shirt. At the first contact from skin against skin Alec moaned against Magnus throat. His fingers slid over the defined stomach muscles that he could feel contracting beneath his fingertips. Up his chest, gazing the warlocks erected nipples, earning a breathy moan from the smaller man, and down again over his stomach towards his navel.

In the next second three things happened at once. Alec's teeth sank down in Magnus shoulder, the intention clear to leave a mark " by the angel he wanted to see his mark on the skin of this magnificent man " while a hoarse cry escaped the high warlocks lips before his eyes snapped open wide. Unnoticed that his control had snapped, the glamour hiding his warlock marks gone. And Alec's fingers slid over the place where Magnus navel should have been.

Shit.

* * *

><p>*runs away hiding*
That is all for now. I hope you liked this part as well, and I hope you are not disappointed with the way the story goes.

>Until next time, tell me what you think ^^<p>

End
file.